The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLIII March 22, 1946 NUMBER 23

THE WEEK 563
THE ATOM AT NURNBERG *Percy Winner* 566
OUR DIRE NEED FOR DIVERSITY *Harry Lorin Binsse* 570
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 572
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 573
SYSTEMATIC POLITICS *James MacGregor Byrne* 574
THE LABOR MOVEMENT *John C. Cort* 576
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 577
The Wildcatters—Courts and Cabinets—Call the Next Witness
THE INNER FORUM 582

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924, with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1946 in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year, Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

U. S. Stake One Place and Another

THE SUNDAY, March 10, edition of *PM,* Marshal Field's dehydrated tabloid, gives a feature page to the China-USA-USSR situation, now so dangerously approaching the status of an incident. A large and good map highlights the political geography of the affair, and next to a silhouette of the American soldier occupying China, a box of vivid type dramatizes the bold summary: "U.S. Stake in China—Investments in new industrial plants, markets."

The article printed under the map explains further what *PM* means. The paper's foreign editor, Alexander H. Uhl, tells "What China means to U.S.A. and Manchuria to Russia." This head sums up one dominant theme—that *China* and *Manchuria* are two utterly separate countries. Mr. Uhl does not state overtly this startling discovery, but he repeats it over and over again indirectly as an accepted truism on which all sensible persons can build. He is (currently) quite generous to America in providing a backing for American interest in *China.* "Before the war American firms had large interests in China. The Standard Oil Co. and Texaco . . . British-American Tobacco Co. . . . National City and Chase banks and the American Express . . . Shanghai Telephone Co. was American. The Shanghai Power Co. was American. In addition there were many individual business men. . . . In normal times there were between 3,000 and 4,000 . . . [and] this is chicken-feed when you think of . . . the economic opportunities an industrialized, unified China can mean for us [Mr. Uhl remarkably did write "us"] . . . gigantic dam on the Yangtse. . . ."

"That is North China. Manchuria is still held by the Russians." The Russians are marvelously modest. A few items in Manchuria, like Dairen, Port Arthur, the South Manchuria Railroad and the Chinese Eastern, which Russia lost to Japan, are in for "recapture," and Russia doesn't even want the old Czarist position with these properties, but only a control shared with the Chinese [those interlopers!].

The obvious moral of the surface story needs no emphasis, as Mr. Uhl realized. We gather that it means this: The USA stake in *China* is based on vague economic hopes for the future and on the past selfish interest of 3,000 or 4,000 business men, and some corporations safely smeared for *PM* readers, mixed up in the Devil's work with the British. On the other hand, in *Manchuria,* Russia is simply taking up immemorial rights even less radical than those which the Czarist government (a safely conservative outfit) held before in the vague but enduring past, and which the evil Japanese temporarily stole.

This page of *PM,* in short, illustrates excellently why that paper so often appears to so many readers dishonest, sly, devoted to the Russian-communist line, trivial in its examination of the American case, and considerably maddening.

Item: *PM*'s conception of good, solid, materialistic economic interest appears to be cripplingly limited. It is easy to associate ourselves in a strong criticism of US international economic policy of the past, particularly pre-New Deal, as frequently having contained far too much dollar diplomacy, as having been often exploitative of foreign areas and peoples for the advantage of very few local citizens. Certainly, the American government and public have seldom seen our international economic problems and potentialities either altruistically enough or adequately enlightened in self-interest. But it is crazy to deny and dangerous to minimize the economic benefits to the whole country that can come from international trade and industry. A decently balanced and cooperative business and economic *exchange* is a material blessing not only for bloated stockholders and adventurers, but also for numerous working people of all classes on both sides of the exchange. The argument goes on and on, but, anyway, this is an odd moment in history to have to pursue it.

The "U.S. Stake in China" is an infinite lot more than "new industrial plants, markets." Reducing our stake to that primitive economic business is sloppy and falsifying, and in accord with no known tenable social viewpoint. It is even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more vulgar materialism than mediocre Marxists would propound these days. There are other issues involved, which, taken altogether, make *PM*'s archaic concentration on "new industrial plants, markets" seem almost beside the point.

It is once again the Open Society versus the Closed Society. It is the problem of liberty—absolutely, and gaining or losing. All the cultural phases of life are involved—religion, art, music, architecture, manners, flower arrangement: the meeting and reciprocal impress of the Orient and the West—and the USSR. The political forces which establish the powers of the different nations today cannot be reduced to dollars and pounds and rubles invested in undeveloped areas of distant countries. Besides economics, two more forces of the most "realistic" of politics are right at the surface: military position, and psychological pressure.

The mental and emotional state of people is a real and serious weight on international balances. In China (which in our geographies includes the northeast provinces embracing Manchuria) there are some 400,000,000 people. We would like these people to be members of a free and open society with a government which they like and which is their servant, building up and not pounding down their freedom and free minds. We want them very very much to be our friends, having normal friendly and useful intercourse back and forth across the Pacific. We do not want to fear that they are threatening us from behind an iron wall because they don't know or like or trust us or any of our works, and because we can't even see them. We want to work with the Chinese to create areas of confidence and peace in Asia and North America, and to expand over the world united areas of confidence and peace.

The New House Coalition

THE LONG pent-up urge to resume business on the old basis appears to be finding an outlet in Congress before anywhere else. Our legislators deal in plans, schedules and formulas; they are not held to heel by such material factors as stockpiles, plant, technicians. One of the signs of the return to "normalcy" is a marked influx of lobbyists The utilities, for instance, have thrown their weight around to such an extent as to inspire vigorous protests on the part of Speaker Rayburn of the House. It looks like business as usual and then some.

It is in this atmosphere of the strenuous pushing of private interests that we must view the formation in the House of a bi-partisan committee headed by the hitherto unheralded Republican Representative Hartley of New Jersey. Its express purpose is to recommend courses of action; a counterpart is in process of formation in the comparatively more liberal Senate. The first objective is the hamstringing of OPA, whose authorization expires next June. If this move is successful the coalition of Republican and Southern Democrat reactionaries will line up new objectives. It constitutes a genuine threat of special interests to the common good.

One of its chief aims at present, for example, is to lift the ceiling on cotton, the commodity which is generally recognized (and Mr. Roosevelt pointed that out three years ago) as the key to the inflation problem. The price of cotton—27 cents a pound—is already double what it was five years ago. Yet certain Senators, many of them elected by the veriest fraction of the population in poll-tax states, want the price to soar considerably further. It is reported that if they do not topple over this major barrier to runaway inflation they will "get" OPA on such matters as rent, food, clothing and other price controls. In pursuit of greedy special interests the coalition would even risk wrecking the national economy through ruinous inflation.

While OPA is still the major concern of these Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats, they already have other tangible ambitions. One of these is so to block or dilute impending minimum wage legislation as to render it ineffectual. That would mean that the Hook amendments to the 1938 Fair Labor Standards Act would be pared way below the sliding two-year scale of from 65 to 75 cents per hour (the present minimum wage rate is 40 cents per hour) or defeated altogether. A tough coalition.

Private interests had to give way to some extent in 1933 and during the war, with the aid of effectual White House leadership. The big hope of thwarting big private interests today resides in the general citizenry. Only if Senators and Congressmen who have not yet joined up with the new coalitions get enough letters from their constituents can the public interest be adequately protected. Admittedly this is a long chance, but a crucial hour is at hand.

An Unresolved Dilemma

ONE OF the things about which we as a nation have not yet made up our minds is the question of intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. We don't want Peron in Argentina, we don't want Franco in Spain. Yet we have a traditional squeamishness about taking any steps beyond talk to rid those countries of the rulers we don't like. This squeamishness is certainly not shared by Russia. She is willing to go as far as she thinks is safe in intervention anywhere any time, and that includes the use of the Red Army. At the same time we are aware that our failure to intervene in the past has made for us a peck of troubles. The old and honorable concepts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of neutrality and self-determination hold for us a vast attraction, yet we know they have cost us dear. Perhaps the dilemma for us is unresolvable; for Russia it does not exist. But at least we should be thoroughly aware of it, and try to resolve it, one way or the other. All it now does is to hamstring any policy we may have.

The Loan

THE Italians had a word for it: *Programmatismo.* That is what happens when you write program notes for a symphony that has not been composed; when you compose the blurb before writing the book. It is the literary disease of which the symptoms are manifestoes, prefaces; in morals, it is myriads of good intentions swirling in disorder, uncontrolled by Meredith's "more brains, oh Lord, more brains"; in the boxing ring it is when one fighter tells the other just where he thinks perhaps he will in a moment try to hit him; he "telegraphs" this interesting message and is knocked out.

The American public is suffering now from this disease. For *programmatismo* also is when you look so intently into the future that it hurts you to do anything in the present. Thus we argue about the future of civilization, meanwhile allowing the peoples of civilized countries to starve—only recently alerted to the fact that large numbers of the peoples whose life and thinking sustain civilization are starving. Thus we dream that we are winning the wars of the future with the atom bomb; thus we dream that we are preventing them; either through complete isolation—five or six steps backward—or through the creation of a completely organized world state—five or six steps beyond UNO.

Sometimes we get a little nearer the present; Mr. Churchill has been in this country and has brought the World State down to a question of union with Great Britain. "Union Now" (Clarence Streit); but everyone knows that it cannot be "now" and, since it cannot be anywhere but in the future, we argue about it academically, suggesting that common citizenship should include the French, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Scandinavians and then, of course, we are off again, bringing the Germans into it, the Chinese, the sky is the limit, the Russians. So that no matter what Mr. Churchill or anyone else may say we are soon busy again with our manifestoes for or against the world state, for or against the atom bomb, for or against Russia.

In these pages we try to hold against the strong currents sweeping us out to the sea of ineffectual conjecture. So that when the police sirens of the motorcycle escort sounded in the streets of New York and announced the presence of this visiting statesman we thought less about what he had said in his speeches than we did of the country from which he had come. (In the night, sometimes, from the harbor we hear the deep throated siren of the *Queen Mary,* the *Queen Elizabeth* and we think also then of England.)

Thinking now of England and not of "Union Now" the immediate matter pending, in the present, is the question of our making a loan to the English people, who are rationing plain bread, in order that they may trade with us and not become a reason for eventually having to ration plain bread in this country.

John Cardinal Glennon

JOHN CARDINAL GLENNON had given, before his death at 83, a full half century of service as a member of the American hierarchy, 43 of those years having been spent as Archbishop of St. Louis. These figures in themselves are extraordinary and altogether exceptional. He was born in Ireland and completed most of his studies for the priesthood there; he came to this country as a very young man and settled at once in what was then still pioneer country. There he was ordained and rapidly promoted, becoming Bishop of Kansas City, watching and living in the growth of our Mississippi Valley empire. And so it was natural that Archbishop Glennon should have had a lot of building to do, including a cathedral which is certainly one of the handsomest in this country. Since he likewise was gifted with genuine eloquence, it is natural that his building and his speaking should be the things about which the general public was most acutely conscious. Yet that which perhaps even more signally deserves to be remembered is the personality of the man.

He was one of the last survivors of a generation and a breed of Irish priests whose basic formation took place in Ireland itself, whose physical stature was noble and commanding, whose lives were fatherly in a very specific meaning of that term. Quite directly and apostolically they viewed themselves as fathers of their flocks. Like fathers, they insisted upon being accessible to all those in their charge; like fathers they were concerned over the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of their children; like fathers they recognized that their children would not turn out well unless they learned self-reliance. Such an attitude and demeanor is perhaps old fashioned. It does not always lead to the acme of administrative efficiency (although no complaints on this score were ever lodged against Cardinal Glennon). Perhaps in the rapid tempo of our life it is impossible except in genuinely small dioceses. Yet in the passing of this attitude and of this generation anyone who has ever experienced it must mourn for the loss of something noble, human, wise and entirely Christian.—R.I.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atom at Nürnberg

Men's Safety and man's salvation

Percy Winner

THE OVERTONES of unreality which persistently echoed through the proceedings of the war guilt trial at Nürnberg would not have mystified the Grand Inquisitor of Dostoyevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov." For he would have understood that the jerry-built courtroom on the fringes of the ruins of a great citadel of Christian culture was the scene of a spiritual duel. A clue to the nature of the duel can be found in the words Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor addresses to Christ when He reappears in Seville during the terrible times of the Inquisition. "Hadst Thou taken the world and Caesar's purple Thou wouldst have founded the universal state and given universal peace. For who can rule men if not he who holds their conscience and their bread in his hands?"

The Allied Prosecutors in the Nürnberg trial were garbed in Caesar's purple. But the Allied Prosecutors were not content to speak for power. It did not suffice to express the force of the law of the nations whose concept of humane justice have triumphed. They took upon themselves the task of speaking on behalf of an abstract reason "above all good and evil" of existing law. The Allied Prosecutors presumed to be at once the midwives and the custodians of the "conscience of mankind"—of a universal moral authority. They anticipated in improvisations of their own the law of a universal state which as yet has no more—if not less—substantial being than it had in the time of the advent of Christ.

But the source of the overtones of unreality lay deeper. The trial was a combat of conscience in which the victors accepted combat on the vanquished's terms. Adolf Hitler tried to take unto himself the powers both of Christ and of Caesar. His fantasy was a world state in which he alone would hold in his hands men's conscience and their bread. In invoking the sanction of abstract reason, the Allied Prosecutors at Nürnberg were trying Hitler *in absentia* in precisely the way he would have wanted to be judged—as a universal force who even in death could be tried by nothing less than a universal authority, both mundane and spiritual.

It was a posthumous triumph for Hitler that we should have needed to go beyond the rule of existing law to try him. It was a tragic defeat for viable reason that we should have needed to improvise a new fantasy of spiritual virtue to unmake Hitler's evil fantasy. The twenty men in the dock were legally responsible for crimes punishable by death under the laws of pre-nazi Germany, indeed under the laws of any civilized nation on earth. Few persons on earth had the slightest doubt on this score. Why then the elaborate panoply of an *ersatz* universality? Why orgies of rhetoric in the name of reason? Why did the sanctity of law have to be vitiated to make a score of banal criminals scapegoats for a mystical devilry outside the scope of rational jurisprudence?

Here too Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor offers a clue. "Mankind as a whole has always striven to organize a universal state. There have been many great nations with great histories, but the more highly they were developed the more unhappy they were, for they felt more acutely than other people the craving for worldwide union. The great conquerors . . . were but the unconscious expression of the same craving for universal unity." The trial at Nürnberg unfolded at a time when the ancient striving for world oneness was becoming increasingly conscious. It was the American Prosecutor, Justice Robert H. Jackson, who brought the note of universality into the Nürnberg trial, as can be confirmed from the text of his opening statement which was recently published in book form as "The Case against the Nazi War Criminals." Nowhere are people more aware of the present current of world oneness than in the United States.

★

For this fact in practical reality there is an explanation in spiritual fantasy. We Americans consciously created by will and faith the greatest among nations. What people is better equipped to realize the greatest of mankind's dreams? But first the good world state must lay the ghost of the bad nazi new world order. If we Americans are to be equal to leadership in the task of world unification, we must prove to ourselves both that our predecessors were unworthy and that we are worthy.

Indeed, there was a duel of devils, a struggle of guilts. For the representatives of the Americans—Caesar's people, *par excellence*—came to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the contest with a bad conscience. To begin with, we Americans find it hard to accept the rôle of Caesar's people. Hating war and the militarily triumphant mode of life—what the Italians call *il modo di vivere trionfale,* we are uncomfortable as conquerors, masters of other peoples. Victory in the most destructive war men have ever fought stirs up more anxiety than it has allayed. The discomfort is the more acute for the fact that we made, used and now have in our hands—and ours alone, for all practical purposes—a new weapon with almost unimaginable power of destruction.

So we find solace in the fantasy of a "sacred trust," reassuring ourselves that our consciences are as clean as our hands are constructive. Behind the tortured ethico-legal complexities at Nürnberg lay a quest for a spiritual balm. Unequipped by our training for Caesar's purple, we are ill prepared to accept responsibility for mastery. Worse still, our spirits are deeply troubled by what we have been forced to do to achieve that discomforting mastery. We had set out to destroy the nazi monster which threatened to destroy us. Naïvely, we assumed for a long time that the monster was the incubus of Germany, and that by destroying it, we could save Germany. But in the process of wiping out nazism we were forced to destroy Germany too; we had to kill the body as well as the devil which invested it. Unwittingly we became first accomplices then master artisans in a surgical process which, to succeed in saving civilization, had to cut chunks out of the flesh of that civilization, impairing both the material and spiritual bases of its survival.

It is not difficult to understand why we Americans should have a special reason for unconscious guilt about the war and its consequences. Unlike us, the other peoples of the grand alliance of the United Nations are citizens of nations which have lived for centuries by one variant or another of the Law of the Talon. Unlike our nation, these nations have lost eyes and teeth. The Nürnberg trial was predominantly an American undertaking because we more than the other peoples sought to achieve by it some part of what we most needed —a symbolic purging of guilt. For us, the concept of the war as a desperate and unavoidable struggle for physical survival remained largely a concept—a matter of the mind and intelligence. Unsupported by the practical evidence of sensory experience, it never became an emotional or a spiritual reality.

For us, therefore, it was necessary to believe that the war had been not only practically unavoidable and legally justified; the war had to be made retroactively to seem holy—morally and spiritually just. Such a justice had to have a universal sanction, an absolute, immanent righteousness. Nor was that enough. We had to prove to ourselves that we had known what we were doing all the time, had known it was right and just. And one of the ways to do it was to assure ourselves that our enemies had known all along they were doing wrong. Ideally, the goal of the Nürnberg trial was to make the prisoners confess. The surviving tentacles of the nazi incubus were not to be destroyed until they had taken upon themselves our guilt as well as theirs.

This was not a trial of law in the ordinary sense of the phrase. It had aspects of a new form of the *auto da fe.* If the ordinary criteria of law and reason had been applied, the accused would have been found guilty quickly and easily. Their exculpation was inconceivable. Some would have died with a *heil* for Hitler, a few perhaps with a curse for Hitler. The trial would have been a success. Instead it was a failure. Of the trial, President Truman said recently: "We have high hope that this public portrayal of the guilt of these evildoers will bring wholesale and permanent revulsion on the part of the masses of our former enemies against war, militarism, aggression and notions of race superiority." Every unbiased report confirms that the hope is not justified. The trial failed precisely because it was not a judgment of crime but an attempted public portrayal of guilt.

Whatever its justification or rationalization, the transformation of the Nürnberg trial into a casting out of devils of guilt was a serious mistake. The notion of "mass conscience" implicit in the proceedings is totally at variance with our traditional concept of individual moral responsibility. Justice, law, reason were not served by letting the nazi fantasy of "purity" invade our ideas of spiritual well-being. Rational thinking could only be impaired by even lip service to the totalitarian notion of the "mass unconscious." Not the "nazi soul" but a band of quite unsoulful men were in the dock.

Above all, sins were not in the province of Mr. Justice Jackson. The fact that the world has been saved from the machinations of perhaps the most effectively malevolent of the series of men who have set themselves up as anti-Christs does not make it the less true that what is Christ's is not Caesar's. Hitler's universality was false and evil. Moreover, Mr. Jackson was both unnatural and ineffectual in the toga of a high priest of the goddess of reason casting out the devil of unreason. It takes a special skill to get a man to make a public profession of criminal responsibility. Americans are not good at the techniques in which the Russians excel. The curious variety of physio-psychological *judo* which extracts "voluntary" confessions is quite alien to us. Neither Mr. Jackson nor any other American could have done as well as Vice Commissar Andrey Vishinsky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the other Soviet officials who, at the Moscow trials, enacted a precedent for the proceedings at Nürnberg.

If only practical, rational, material things were involved there would be no question of our "complicity," of our participation in guilt. Yet we and all the other peoples of the Christian world feel guilt. Anxiety gnaws at us.

★

We are the richest, the strongest, the safest people and we feel neither safe nor comfortable. We are the most peacefully intentioned people and we are not at peace in ourselves. We reach down into the invisible secrets of matter and out into space; we span continents and oceans in a few hours: and we dare not live with ourselves —our whole selves. We dare not understand John Donne's

> We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,
> Christs Crosse, and Adams tree, stood in one place;
> Looke Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
> As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face,
> May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.

We fail to "re-educate" our former enemies because we have forgotten things we once knew. We fail to cast out the mote from their eyes because we have come to accept the beam in our own. We can not make them accept guilt because we feel and yet deny a guilt in ourselves. How can we "re-educate" men who participated in a universalist crusade of evil if we do not understand Dostoyevsky's profound intuition — "the great conquerers . . . were but the unconscious expression" of the eternal craving for universal unity? How can we deal with the problem of conscience if we understand it as merely a part of the problem of bread?

Our policies and attitudes toward the Germans are not the only illustration of our inability to understand the relationship between material fact and spiritual fantasy. As we approach the end of the second millenium of the Christian era a wave of anxiety is sweeping the Western world. Atomic energy has the power to bring about "the end of the world." Atomic energy, some say, has made modern man obsolete. We face a new fact and we must face it as new men. There is something new in the world and we must renovate the relations of men to men. But is it only the relationship of men to men that is involved?

The present aspiration to a universal City of Man—a world state, community or federation—picks up emotional threads from the ancient yearning for a universal City of God. It is true, of course, that atomic energy has increased men's factual fear of material destruction. But it is also true that the fear inevitably takes on some of the burden of fantastic dread of spiritual extinction. And practical hope for physical survival takes on some of the mystical promise of perpetuation after death. Unfortunately, many of those who see the increased urgency of the problem of improving men's relationship to men fail to see that the permanent problem of man's relationship to God also is involved. Underneath our quest for world safety lies the old striving for universal salvation.

By all means let us have the United Nations organization in its present or a better form; let us have practical and material cooperation among men, peoples, nations; let us use reason and science; but let us not make a faith of rationality, a creed of science; let us not forget that it takes the heart as well as the head, the soul as well as the body to make a whole man. Let us recognize that the practical political efforts now being made to preserve and save on a world scale interweave with the permanent universal quest for reassurance and salvation.

If men lived by bread alone, the material standard of living would be the measure of the well-being of *todos el hombre*. If religion were only "the opium of the people" men would have faith in proportion as their material pains and wants were greatest, would need the promise of a good after-life in proportion as their worldly existence were bad. If religion's sole function were to provide fantasies of consolation for the facts of material lack of satisfaction, churches would be nothing more than adjuncts of states. If all these false things were true, we Americans would have fewer problems of conscience than other peoples. We would have no sense of guilt. And we would not fumble into ineffectual ways of cleaning other men's guilt.

But there is a far deeper anxiety than the one produced by pain and want. Men need to escape in faith from the inescapable fact of dying. When as in the tenth century and again now, death in all its majestic and unbearable horror assumes universal proportions, the permanent need for reassurance is enormously reinforced. Of course men fear the physical fact of death. But an atomic bomb is no more deadly to the individual than a tiny scrap of metal. It is not the wholesale multiplication of physical death which explains the anxiety welling up from the recesses of the spirits of men. Atomic energy's threat of "the end of the world" stirs up the ancient dread that not only the individual will die but that all men, hence man himself, may die. A dozen million human beings lost their lives in the war. It would be dreadful if many times that number were to perish in another war. But there are no human words to describe the emotional, the spiritual meaning of the destruction of mankind. For the end of men's flesh threatens the extinction of man's spirit.

The real issue in the combat of conscience at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nürnberg was complicity in this ultimate sin. The forces of darkness which are in the spirits of the criminals on trial are also in our own spirits. Guilt weighs upon us, upon all of us. Man himself is on trial. There is something mysterious and frightening about the effects upon our spirits of the materialistic universalization which is the special attribute of our time. There is a vague but oppressive sense that there is something wrong about the steady drift away from the spiritual to the material, from the human to the mechanical, from the individual man to the mass of men. In the opening lines of the "Leaves of Grass" Walt Whitman wrote:

> One's-self I sing a single, separate person
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

In our time the mass, even in a democracy such as ours, no longer is the *En-Masse* of single, separate persons. The mass tends to be treated as the living organism and its component human beings tend more and more to be regarded as mechanisms. In theory our democracy overrides and rejects political criteria of race, color and creed, treats men of all sorts as individual citizens; but in practice the visible ideal of social, economic and political equality hides the invisible reality of a moral uniformity which demands a surrender of the individual's spiritual self to the mass. Among ourselves, we do not talk about political "purity," "mass unconscious" and "mass conscience." But when, as at Nürnberg, we set out to cast devils out of our enemies, we act as the spokesmen for "the conscience of mankind" and in doing so, reveal that we have been infected by our enemies' fantasies. In trying to collectivize our enemies' sense of personal guilt, we show that we have already carried over into the spiritual sphere the fantasy of collectivization.

Social life in our age of technological standardization is increasing collective. But there is nothing collective about the womb or the tomb. Man is one, alone, separate when he draws the first breath of life, and when, breathing his last, he goes to meet his Maker. The circumstances which tend to transform personal problems of conscience into a universal problem of guilt are the same ones which are merging the individual's separate identity into an anti-personal identification with the social mass. Men's minds may accept, even welcome the transformation; men's bodies may submit to it: but the spirit of man rebels against it as a sin, as a betrayal of the sacredness of human personality, as a corruption of the soul.

★

But we deny this rebellion, suppress knowledge of it. This inner conflict, this effort to escape from personal guilt tells part of the story of why we feel the need to fix collective guilt upon our enemies. We are guilty not only because we are uncomfortable in Caesar's purple, because we have destroyed so many and so much, because we have in our hands the instrument of cosmic annihilation; we are guilty because we are unconsciously aware that we are violating the sanctity of our own spirits. The unspeakable horror of the extinction of man's spirit stirs within us the realization that we are already willing or blind accomplices in the process which has brought us to the brink of the awful abyss; we are signing away our souls, our most precious birth-right as human beings.

Before man created society, God created man. If a world-oneness of society is to be securely made and if it is safely to endure, the circumstances of our social life which deny or impair the oneness of individual man's spirit with the Divine Spirit must be faced and coped with. In the most practical and real sense, the security of men in society depends upon the salvation of men as individuals. The basic social problem of world security is dealing with aggression. But the real danger is not the means of aggression but the source; it lies not in the mind which conceives or the hand which uses atomic bombs, but in the heart and spirit which turn from life to death. And guilt is the mainspring of all aggression. Men will betray, hurt, kill one another as long as man betrays his own birth-right. Men will commit crimes against one another as long as man sins against the spirit within him.

★

As long as modern society, ever more materialistic and mechanistic, forces or compellingly invites men to this betrayal and sin, guilt will increase. With it, the unconscious need for self-punishment will grow. There is no more dangerous aggression, for when it begins to reach the point of overt harm against the self, it tends to turn outward, seeks purgation in the form of violence. Peace in society is at the mercy of war within the individual. The guilty individual is always a potential aggressor. Modern society courts disaster first by trying to collectivize men's spirits, then by trying to collectivize their guilts.

No Caesar or Caesarism, no state or world federation of states can cleanse the guilt which drags mankind toward the pit of oblivion. But there is something the political masters of men can do: they can begin recognizing that in the civilization of the assembly line, of the technological mass, far more than in previous civilizations, the standards of bread can not be applied to conscience; and they can begin realizing that if they try to "take the world" and Christ's mission too, they will end by hastening universal chaos and universal nothingness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Dire Need for Diversity

Press, radio and films move toward monopoly

Harry Lorin Binsse

IS THE American public adequately informed concerning the events and issues of the world in which we live? Is our press genuinely a free press? Does the radio live up to the opportunity it affords for enlightening our people? Do the movies, with their hundred million weekly patrons, serve anywhere near the best purpose within their reach? These are the questions posed and answered in a book just published by that earnest questioner, Mr. Morris L. Ernst.* Mr. Ernst's book deserves to be widely read, and I would not wish to prevent anyone from reading it by having written this article, which is largely a digest of Mr. Ernst's thesis and a commentary on what might be called his philosophy. The value of his book lies in its documentation of his case—something which a reader needs both to convince him and to bring to bear upon him the full impact of the facts.

Our American society and all free societies are based upon the notion that practical judgments are best reached after full and open debate in which the widest possible variety of views and facts are aired. It may be argued that such a process consumes too much time and energy and is therefore wasteful; that it is better to leave practical judgments to those who rule the State and ruthlessly to suppress both opinions and facts which run counter to the policy of those rulers. But if this is done, freedom goes by the board. And if human wisdom has learned anything from experience, it is that judgments so promulgated, without adequate prior discussion, in the end prove the most wasteful and costly of all because they are the most likely to be wrong.

We are inclined to forget the importance of debate for two reasons. When any emergency arises—and we are living in a period of emergencies—our impatience leads us to demand action rather than talk, and because of our acceptance of the structure of the society in which we live, we are unaware that most of the elements in that structure themselves arose from long, vigorous, often acrimonious and nearly always tedious debate. The Constitution of the United States, for instance, which most Americans seem to regard as something which fell like manna from Heaven, was the result of a debate stretching back through centuries, and for this particular document culminating in the ferocious interchange recorded in Madison's "Notes on the Constitutional Convention"—one side of which is still widely read thanks to the brilliance of its presentation in the Federalist Papers. Indeed it is doubtful whether any single one of the main structural elements in our social life is the result of a fiat. Fiats and ukases have an extraordinarily low vitality; they peter out with monotonous regularity, leaving no trace behind them except for a line or two in the history books.

Catholics are particularly prone to forget all this because of a false analogy drawn in their minds between religious doctrine and practical judgments. They forget that even certain doctrinal points have been defined and their definition promulgated only as a result of exceedingly bitter debate, within a theological frame of reference. The sanction here is of course different, and that is what makes the analogy false. Yet if it is true that the definition of Papal Infallibility required a Church Council and all the discussion involved in such an assembly, there can be very little excuse for falling into the error of supposing that practical judgments may be reached successfully without any discussion at all. And Catholics should always remember the Church's teaching that religious doctrines are worthy of credence not because they have been promulgated by authority but because they are true.

On the religious level truth may be revealed; on the practical level—by which I mean the level of political, economic, social and esthetic judgments, and even moral judgments—this rarely happens. Indeed it happens so rarely that any claim to it bears a heavy burden of proof on the part of the claimant. Thus we find the Church distrustful—to put it mildly—of what might be called direct interventions of Providence in human affairs. For if mankind has been given freedom of the will, in order to make it possible for men to acquire merit, such direct interventions would operate to negate that freedom, and the

---

*The First Freedom. Morris L. Ernst. Macmillan. $3.00. Unfortunately Mr. Ernst has seen fit to dress his writing up with a lot of unhistorical claptrap about cave men and the alleged once clerical monopoly on reading and writing. But this claptrap, while it defaces his book, in no way invalidates his findings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole structure of the Christian conception of the relation between God and man would be undermined.

*

I do not for an instant suggest that Mr. Ernst in his book deals with this aspect of the matter; I suspect that Mr. Ernst would find it exceedingly boring, since I am sure that nothing is further removed from his interests than the technical aspects of Catholic teaching and Christian doctrine. Mr. Ernst is exclusively interested in practical judgments and is passionately dedicated to freedom. He is acutely aware of the simple truth that freedom cannot exist without discussion and without diversity. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world" is an adage true only in a free world. We need not probe very deep into the activities of the National Socialists in Germany or of the Communist Party in Russia to realize how true this is. And further reflection leads us to realize also that any attempt to curb diversity in one field invariably ends by injuring all diversity. This is particularly true when we are dealing with opinion. For opinion in this sense constitutes merely the sum of personal practical judgments on any given subject, and to curb it is to deny the right of the human person to form personal judgments.

In a very small and isolated society, such as an American rural community before industrialism, the problem of diversity solved itself. Each member of the community had ample opportunity to express his views before the community acted as a whole. And if his views were so strongly divergent from those of his neighbors that he could not accept a majority decision, he was always genuinely free to move somewhere else. But the coming of industrialism has changed all this and changed it definitively. In anything larger than a village, the town meeting ceases to be sufficient as sole guarantee of adequate diversity. Its place must be taken by the press, and today by the radio and even, on a national scale, by the movies—the mass means for disseminating both facts and opinions.

Now, theoretically, the Bill of Rights in our Constitution, and in the several state constitutions, guarantees that our press and the various other fora for expressing opinion shall be free, in the sense that the government may not in any way dictate content or prohibit publication, except under the most dire of "clear and present danger" emergencies. At the beginning of our history as a nation this was sufficient, since it required substantially no investment except work to set up a newspaper. But as our economy has grown more complex, the magnitude of the enterprises required by our privately-owned press (and radio and movies) has acted in precisely the same fashion as it has acted in businesses like steel, aluminum, automobiles. It has tended to reduce the number of operating units while greatly increasing the average size of those units. For under our system of large scale mass production, the tendency in every manufacturing industry is toward the elimination of competition by means of monopoly. It is a simple and understandable fact that business men love competition for every line of business except their own.

The result is that, through the operation of natural causes and with blame assignable to no one, our channels of communication have steadily become less and less diverse. In the newspaper press we have three agencies supplying substantially all non-local news, and the greatest of these —the AP—being controlled by the newspapers it serves, is more than loath to supply its services to new papers; it automatically acts to solidify existing monopolies. Since 85 percent of American towns and cities today have only one newspaper, it is easy to see how complete a monopoly now exists in the daily press. For it would be superhuman to expect the owner of the one and only newspaper in a given town to publish matter which he thought might injure his own interests or with which he passionately disagreed. This tight situation is made tighter by the mass of syndicated and "planted" matter, supplied principally from the Eastern seaboard, which appears simultaneously in hundreds of papers and thousands of weeklies all over the country.

When we come to radio, the situation is even tighter, by virtue of physical necessity, since there are available only a limited number of radio channels in any given area. Add to this the fact that about a third of our radio stations are owned in part or in full by newspapers—in many cases newspapers already possessing their own monopoly locally—and one can see what Mr. Ernst calls a bottleneck developing with remarkable and even terrifying speed. Add the further fact that most of the more powerful and desirable stations are contractually linked to a network, the policy of which is determined in New York, and which in turn is dependent for its existence upon a handful of huge national advertisers and their agents, and the bottleneck seems even tighter. Of major networks, remember that our whole nation possesses only four.

The setup of our movies is even more complex and tight. Five companies substantially control moving picture production and, what is more important, the major moving picture theaters. Since their profits are made in the theaters, and since no one of them produces enough pictures to supply its theaters, the pressure toward "cooperation" between these five giants is tremendous and the result is the tightest sort of monopoly in fact. What makes this monopoly worse is the assump-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the movie industry, now almost petrified into a tradition, that movies are for entertainment *only*—in the most trivial sense—and that there is something almost immoral in allowing anything "controversial" to mar the nation's silver screens—or dent the minds of the movie audience.

That, briefly stated and without any of Mr. Ernst's carefully compiled documentation, is the situation which faces us and which drastically limits the diversity our freedom requires. What can be done to change the situation? Mr. Ernst suggests a great number of practical steps, patterned on our history. For ever since the beginning of our republic, we have taken governmental steps to regulate private enterprise—or to help private enterprise—in the public interest. This pattern was no invention of the New Deal. The New Deal merely carried it further than anyone else had ever done before. This is the meaning of our tariff system; it is the meaning of our postal rates; it is the meaning of our tax system; it is the meaning of our anti-trust legislation—however imperfectly these things may perform. So working within this pattern Mr. Ernst suggests several sorts of government intervention. This might take place on what we could call the anti-trust plane. Single ownerships might be legally prevented from possessing more than a given number of newspapers. Newspaper proprietors might be forbidden to own any part of a radio station. Motion picture producers might be obliged to dispose of their theater properties. Theater chains might be broken up precisely as Teddy Roosevelt broke up Standard Oil. Changes could also be made in the tax structure and in postage rates which would greatly encourage the establishment of new enterprises, particularly new newspapers, magazines and moving picture producers. Suppose any such enterprise were granted tax exemption on its first $25,000 of profit? Would that not surely invite the establishment of small town dailies and weeklies? Would it not encourage small independent producers? Suppose the present second class postage rate was made into a sliding-scale rate, under which the first 20,000 copies of any given periodical would be distributed free, the next 10,000 at a nominal charge, and so forth up to, let us say, 200,000, with all copies above that figure paying a rate which would meet the actual cost of their delivery. Under the present system, all second class matter is handled at a loss, which has been intended as a governmental subsidy. What this means is that the small papers receive almost no real help, whereas the large national magazines, already making handsome profits, are given tremendous gifts which they don't need. Here again the government would be no worse off, yet diversity would be encouraged.

Mr. Ernst's suggestions—and there are more of them, though all along the line I have indicated—seem to me worth the most serious consideration. Some of them may not be practical, although I must confess that I could detect no flaws in them. But there is one aspect of the matter which I think he neglects and which should not be neglected, since it hints at an additional technique for providing diversity. This is the matter of trade tradition. Among book publishers, for instance, there is a tremendously strong tradition against censorship by the publisher of any idea one of his authors wishes to convey. As an instance of this I might cite the rage of one New York publisher when a group of "liberals" threatened retaliation against his firm if it did not withdraw a book of which these liberals disapproved. Or the rage of another publisher when a government department tried to force him to hand over to it a certain manuscript which it wished to destroy. To a less degree there is a similar tradition among newspapermen and among the editors of certain types of magazines. This tradition is notably lacking as far as radio is concerned, where the height of courage lies in a commentator's poking a little mild fun at a commercial. In the movies the tradition is non-existent.

Are there not means available to us whereby this tradition can be confirmed and broadened and perpetuated? There, I believe, is a subject of inquiry worthy of an attention which it does not receive in Mr. Ernst's admirable book.

In any case, this matter of diversity in our means of mass communication is urgent. That its urgency is so little realized—consciously—by the public is in itself evidence of how monopolized these means have already become. It is significant, for instance, that with a single exception the radio networks have consistently refused to allow a discussion of the subject on the air. And since public awareness of its urgency—except for that growing, unreasoned public distrust, especially of the newspaper press, so consistently reflected in recent elections—will be hard to achieve, it is clearly the duty of those who are aware of the problem to busy themselves and persuade Congress to busy itself with some of the admirably diversified steps Mr. Ernst so admirably agitates.

The Stage & Screen

Three to Make Ready

OPERATING, presumably, on the principle that a revue should offer a cast of bright performers running throughout an array of sketches and musical numbers, this small and short one by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis seemed to me just about fifty-fifty right. However,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the credit side of this division adds up to the extraordinary work of Ray Bolger and Brenda Forbes, plus some lesser stepping by Harold Lang, the evening is worth tickets I think. Where the business stumbles is in the writing, and in Mr. Lewis's music which is, unfortunately, entirely unremarkable. In the sketch department, Miss Hamilton has built her first-act climax into a large and pretty funny parody (based on "The American Tragedy") of the Rogers-Hammerstein-de Mille formula for *Americana;* but if she has, in this instance, satirized one formula, she has certainly substituted another for the work as a whole rather than displaying any chosen point of view. The "Something for Everyone System" is really the spring for this show, and I can't discover that its results ever amount to anything young, novel or daring, however commercially smart. In any case, there is on view a number of small sketches in the diehard-Coward manner; a puzzling amount of "corn" delivered by the radio commentator, Arthur Godfrey; an absolutely straight usual nightclub number opening the second section; and an endless GI arrangement, based on the character "The Sad Sack" as finale, and only serving, as far as I could see, to exhaust Mr. Bolger as well as the house. This lack of *line* is also apparent in the pictorial end, handled by Donald Oenslager. A brilliant proscenium effect, somewhat resembling a camera shutter, is occasionally employed, but its possibilities are never thoroughly emplored and one imagines its discovery to have been an afterthought rather than a definite plan. And the remainder of the settings are strangely unmatched. The offering's big reward is, of course, Mr. Bolger, and particularly in a vaudeville comment, "The Old Soft Shoe." It is fairer to call this dancer a player, since in whatever capacity he enters, he displays technique as well as style; can present character, as well as caricature, as well as a pair of firework feet. Certainly the allover quality of applause he earns at the Adelphi proves that he can be as moving as startling. And I think Miss Forbes's abilities (without the stepping) are as large. But as written by Miss Hamilton, it is mainly her loudest *clownerie* which is used, although I think she is capable of far subtler notes. For this reason, I liked her song in ballet costume the best, perhaps the only uncertain number in the business. None of the rest of the singing I thought good.

Disregarding the formal differences, and purely from the standpoint of a small, witty, "un-gigantic" Musical, I don't think this effort achieves the level of "Billion Dollar Baby" some blocks to the south. While it has none of the difficulties of the latter show, it has also none of the surprises, and I think both ingredients are necessary to combat the Hollywood slough. (*At the Adelphi.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Open City

WITHOUT any doubt, the most extraordinary movie on our screens today is *"Open City."* This forceful Italian film proves again that the power of cinema lies not in glossy production or glamorous stars, but in sincerity of theme, in honest characterization revealed through camera with the assistance of dialogue.

Call Now

FOR YOUR TICKETS TO

BLACKFRIARS'

"MARY OF MAGDALA"

A *New Lenten* Play—an exciting and unusual approach to the story of the Crucifixion.

Opening: March 21 Closing: April 16

No matinees—No performances on Wednesdays

Orchestra: $1.80, $1.20; Balcony: 90c (tax incl.)

Special rates for Groups

For reservations *Call* CIrcle 7-0236

BLACKFRIARS' GUILD, 316 W. 57 St., N.Y.C. 19

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play

CAROUSEL

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Effie Afton
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit

OKLAHOMA!

Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W 44 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

DRAMA CRITICS AWARD *YEAR'S BEST PLAY*

Eddie DOWLING and Louis J. SINGER present

Laurette TAYLOR and Eddie DOWLING

IN

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

PLAYHOUSE, W. 48th Street. Evgs. 8:40; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BEAUTIFULLY CAST AND DIRECTED . . . ADULT, ENLIGHTENED, MOVING, THRILLING."
—PHELAN, Commonweal.

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS

by ARNAUD d'USSEAU and JAMES GOW
Staged by ELIA KAZAN

FULTON Thea. 46 St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many times during the war, Hollywood gave us exciting tales of resistance and underground movements in nazi-occupied countries, but none of their handsome productions had the tone of reality that pervades this picture which was made by Italians after the liberation of Rome.

Its story, written by Sergio Amidei who also wrote the script with F. Fellini, shows awareness of themes developed in the books of Malraux, Silone and Koestler. Man has a dignity that sets him apart from other creatures; no matter how he errs, this dignity must be preserved. When the head Gestapo agent in Rome turns Manfredi over to the torturers, the nazi admits that if these barbaric methods fail to make this man reveal partisan secrets, then the nazis are not the Master Race after all. Manfredi refuses to give information, even after suffering excruciating pain. He dies; and the priest turns to the Gestapo chief and says, "You couldn't kill his soul, so you killed his body." In anger the priest vehemently curses the nazis—then realizing the awful thing he has done, he asks God's forgiveness.

The main plot of this stirring film is extremely simple and is embellished with many scenes about the little people, the everyday heroes who don't consider their deeds heroic. During the nazi occupation of Rome, Don Pietro, a parish priest, assists in the work of the Committee of National Liberation. Because Manfredi, one of its leaders, is hunted by the Gestapo, Don Pietro smuggles money through the German lines to the partisans. When his hiding place is raided by the Germans, Manfredi goes to the apartment of his mistress, with whom he later quarrels on learning that she takes dope. She then informs on him to the woman Gestapo agent who has been supplying her with drugs. After capturing Manfredi and Don Pietro, the Gestapo torture the partisan leader in front of the priest who prays for him and suffers mentally as the man's body is racked. The Gestapo chief questions Don Pietro, who denies knowing Manfredi's true identity and describes himself as one who humbly practices a little charity. When the nazi derides Don Pietro for assisting a man accused of being an atheist, an enemy of religion who was with the Reds in Spain, the priest replies that the man who fights for justice and truth walks in the paths of the Lord, and the paths of the Lord are infinite.

Although at times the film's cutting and editing are awkward, particularly in transition from scene to scene, the picture is startling for the realism of its sets (actually photographed in Rome), its wealth of detail and characterizations. The cast, under the direction of Roberto Rosselini, are outstanding. Most of the names, of course are not known in this country, but praise must be given for these fine performances. Aldo Fabrizi as the priest has an unusually difficult rôle; the well-meaning Don Pietro goes so far in his patriotic zeal as to forge passports; but during the torture scenes and in the sequences showing his own execution, Fabrizi portrays a nobility that rises above acting. As Manfredi, Marcello Pagiero gives a performance that is effective for its straightforward simplicity. Not even in his big scenes is there any touch of artifice. Many other characters in this large and good cast add much to the compelling story: the Gestapo chief (played by Harry Feist without a sneer), the pregnant woman who is shot on her wedding day, her young son who joins a group of children in blowing up a gasoline dump, the printer of the underground newspaper who escapes when Manfredi is captured, the German officer—an old type Junker—who deplores nazi methods ("We have sown Europe with bodies from which arises only hate"), the actress who sells Manfredi to the Gestapo.

In reviewing a foreign film, the critic is in a difficult and dangerous position if he does not understand the language. While this Italian picture has adequate English subtitles, it is obvious that much more is said than meets the eye. One has no difficulty in following the story, but one wishes he could understand *all* the argument—especially with such ticklish subject matter. In any case, this is strictly an adult film, certainly one that would never have been made in this country. The lesbian overtone (between the actress and the Gestapo woman who gives her dope), the many small and homey details that add to the realism of the film's early scenes, the frankness in several of the discussions, the extreme brutality of the torture scenes, in fact the story's main theme put this film in a class by itself. "Open City" is indeed strong film fare. No doubt much of the power of its tremendously moving sequences at the end is due to its slow realistic build-up. This is a film for thinking people, for men of good will who will be stirred by the finale and agree with the priest's statement before the firing squad: "It is not difficult to die well; it is difficult to live right."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Systematic Politics

JAMES MacGREGOR BYRNE

ON NO subject is the average man of today more ready to pontificate than on politics. One of the most remarkable phenomena of our age is that although we are quick to bow to the authority of many different kinds of "experts" not only in the field of the physical and natural sciences but even in such fields as psychology, pedagogy and the social sciences, when it comes to politics, whose function it is to embrace all of the above and provide an adjustable framework within which each of them may pursue its special activities and contribute its share to the whole, everyone considers himself an expert. True, there is no subject upon which the average man reads so much as that of politics. But the yards of news columns which we devour daily can hardly serve as a systematic approach to the subject or as an aid in achieving perspective.

In any other field, to acquire a competence, we would begin at the beginning. In politics we jump *in medias res*. On issues such as foreign policy, social security, government spending, military training, cabinet reorganization, minimum wages, collective bargaining, the proper functions of the Supreme Court, all of which involve delicate psychological, practical and moral considerations,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a rapidly increasing number of relatively untrained persons consider themselves adequately qualified to take a positive stand.

There are many men of good will and high intelligence who see in this a breakdown of all order and authority and the approach of universal chaos. They believe that the democratic system by encouring the masses to participate in affairs for which they are not trained must be held chiefly responsible for this grave state of affairs.

There can be no doubt that universal suffrage in itself produces undesirable as well as desirable consequences. For example it gives practical effect to the of course erroneous belief that one man's judgment is as good as another's. The advantages however far outweigh the disadvantages. It is now an axiom of government proven by centuries of experience that the stability of a government depends for the most part on its ability to secure the consent of the governed. How best to obtain this consent remains a more difficult consideration, but it would seem that universal suffrage in the long run provides by far the best results.

There are numerous other factors tending to encourage the common man to look to himself or his own kind for wisdom on political matters rather than to any authority. In the first place, as Carl Friedrich has astutely pointed out, our faith in the common man when it comes to matters affecting our general way of life is based largely on our quite understandable lack of faith in the uncommon man's judgment in such matters.

Moreover, although we may be willing to bow to the authority of an "expert" in the natural sciences, we are inclined to doubt if there is such a thing as an "expert" in politics. With regard to the constant trend in all fields toward narrow and intensive specialization, a wag once remarked that since specialists are concerned with knowing more and more about less and less, ultimately the true "expert" will be he who knows everything about nothing. To this, a specialist is said to have replied that he who refuses to specialize and undertakes to encompass the whole of learning gradually gets to know less and less about more and more until finally he will know nothing about everything. Men charged with a duty of supervising the multiple and diverse affairs of a nation will be suspected by many, whose activities are confined to a narrower field, of falling into the latter class. In fact, however, politicians are or should be quite as much specialists as anyone else. Their specialty is synthesis which can be just as systematic and scientific as any other specialty.

The truth is we are passing through a stage in history when because of the recent barbarities committed by those holding authority in fascist governments, the principles of freedom and equality are being emphasized as though they were absolutes. The principle of authority is held up as their antithesis. In point of fact, *freedom is no more able to exist where there is no authority as where there is too much.** And yet in many well-intentioned liberal papers today, the only test of good government used in passing upon the merits of a foreign régime is "Is it opposed to fascism?" To be sure that is a good question to ask. So too is it wise to inquire into the standards of authority and the degree of freedom and equality which prevail. Many liberal papers today tend to ignore the question of freedom so long as economic equality is a declared aim of government. But there are many other factors to consider, all of which should be in proper balance with one another before one can properly entertain hopes that a government will discharge its functions satisfactorily. What are these factors? Can we define and name them? Naturally many persons have tried and there exist many books attempting to set forth the essentials of good government.

Professor Charles E. Merriam's "Systematic Politics" (Chicago, $3.00) is a book of this sort, which if pondered by certain garrulous and irresponsible but widely-read reporters might substantially cut down the volume of mischievous writing of a partisan nature to which the public is constantly being exposed. And not writers alone, but politicians, commentators, and the "common man" himself are not above deriving profit from it too. Professor Merriam has been chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago for over 30 years. He has written many books and served in many posts, municipal and national. He has been consulted and his services utilized by every President since Theodore Roosevelt. He has studied much and practiced much, and perhaps for that reason this book will be more suitable for the mature individual than for the college youth who would not have had the experience necessary to gauge the author's wisdom.

Not only will the mature person be more likely to appreciate it but he will be more likely to need it. It has often seemed to me that theologians might do well to classify sins peculiar to a particular calling or profession. For example, there are professions which tend to provoke contentiousness, or vanity, or greed, or arrogance in their devotees. All callings, yes, even the priesthood, have temptations peculiar to them, and against which their respective practitioners should particularly guard. So too all groups have their special weaknesses. Old age may acquire wisdom from experience but without special training old age will not retain the open-mindedness of youth. This book by transporting you from one vantage point to another can serve as a valuable corrective to the narrowness of vision which is all that the ever deepening groove of old age and unrelieved custom affords.

"Systematic Politics" can be described as a text book on the basic essentials of government in that it gives a balanced and comprehensive picture of the whole field and is free from obsessions and special pleading for pet panaceas. As such it can serve as a manual of instruction. On the other hand, it is more than a mere restatement of general principles, it is a confession of faith, a testament of personal convictions acquired during a lifetime of study and observation. It is in this sense a wholly original contribution and constitutes a most powerful plea for the preservation of our democratic way of life. It is indeed encouraging to find a person of Mr. Mer-

* Acknowledgments to Emery Reves in "Democratic Manifesto" and other authors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riam's experience so firmly convinced of mankind's capacity for progress both individually as well as institutionally and collectively. Some may find his faith in "science and education's capacity to produce balanced personalities" exaggerated; but that frustrated personalities and maladjusted rebels and reactionaries render the settlement of political problems far more difficult one can hardly deny. Professor Merriam's approach is necessarily secular but this in no way restricts the rôle he assigns to moral and spiritual factors. He lays emphasis on the irrational in man's nature only to prove its subordination to the rational.

The book is not without its defects. One would do well to read the last chapter on the future government first, for the first chapter does not entice one to continue. Many will find its presentation tedious and if used to political books which illustrate principles by specific cases will wonder why the author did not relieve the philosophic and abstract nature of his treatise with concrete examples taken from his own varied experiences or from history. Perhaps he felt that to do so would defeat his purpose, for it would have served to inject an element of partisanship where he would have wished to avoid provoking susceptibilities. In dealing only with essential principles and the reasons underlying them, he is able to show that on fundamentals there is a high degree of unanimity, whereas concentration on trivialities breeds strife and disagreement.

If we were to see two Irishmen, each with a clenched fist menacing the other's nose, and we were to hear one of them shout "You're a liar!" and the other reply hotly "I am not. You are!" we might come to the conclusion that these gentlemen were in profound disagreement. As a matter of fact, they would be sharing a very important bond—and I am not referring to their Irish blood. They would be in full agreement that to lie is despicable. That is no mean achievement in a world where cynics and skeptics abound who recognize no such thing as truth, justice, right or wrong.

When men of good will quarrel with one another, it is usually over trivial or non-essential issues. It is partisanship, i.e., passionate loyalty to a meaningless or little understood slogan, which divides men of good will. And not only does it divide them, but not infrequently it makes them think they have more in common with men of ill will. And yet partisanship is a demon which can often be exorcised merely by our focussing on principles. One is usually willing to accept a new regulation with good grace, even when it works one a personal hardship, if one approves of the principle underlying it.

But confining one's reading to newspapers and magazines alone will not enable one to acquire much skill at this art of probing for principles. A magazine article may throw powerful illumination on a part of the machine which may not be for the moment working very well, but it cannot flood-light the whole of it so that the relation of the parts to one another and their relative importance can be fully appreciated.

It is in separating the essential from the non-essential and integrating universal political issues in their proper perspective that Mr. Merriam's book is of special assistance. Someone may ask "Why not read Plato, The Federalist Papers, Saint Thomas Aquinas or Machiavelli instead?" The answer is, of course, by all means, read them. For a variety of reasons this book will not be classed among the 100 great books. But it serves most adequately to relate our present day political problems to the perennial frame-work of universal principles and thus furnishes us with the clue to how authority may be sought through freedom.

The Labor Movement

The Fight for Ford 600

THE LARGEST local union in the world is probably Local 600 of the United Auto Workers, CIO, the giant Ford local in Detroit. And once again it has become the scene of a bitter struggle for control.

One of "Ford 600's" first presidents was Paul St. Marie, who was also active in the formation of the Detroit chapter of the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists). But the Communuist Party was strong at Ford's, and in the course of time St. Marie was succeeded by Percy Llewellyn, who was in turn succeeded by W. G. Grant, a loyal fellow-traveler. Ford 600 became a bastion of CP strength in the UAW.

This brings us up to the war and the full flowering of the Browder policy of class collaboration. The CP's disbanded their sharp organizations, including the powerful unit at Dearborn, and began losing ground.

At the same time the Detroit ACTU was slowly gaining ground. Its excellent paper, *The Wage Earner*, which has now become a weekly, won a wide circulation under the editorship of Paul Weber and became a major influence among both leadership and rank-and-file in the UAW. Cardinal Mooney gave his active assistance, and at one time the Archdiocesan Labor Institute under Father Clancey, ACTU chaplain, was operating all of 41 labor schools on a parish basis. Above all, the Detroit ACTU pursued a consistently progressive, intelligent, constructive program.

These efforts, duly assisted by CP mistakes, bore in the course of time their proper fruit. At the local elections in 1945, for example, the membership of Ford 600 swept nearly all of the CP's out of office and installed an administration under Joe McCusker, who, though not an Actist himself, has several ACTU brothers and is "friendly." This was of course a bitter blow to the comrades—a bitter, bitter blow—especially when added to the blows they received at the last UAW convention (1944), where they lost four executive board members when all they needed was two more to win majority control. Vice-President Frankensteen, one of their staunchest champions, turned against them and it began to look as though the CP's were washed up in the UAW for a long time to come.

Meanwhile, however, Earl Browder had landed in the ashcan by way of Paris, and William Z. Foster, the old revolutionary, had taken the reins of CP leadership. (If all these names confuse you, it's no wonder.) Foster, an ex-labor leader himself, immediately revived the shop units and local "fractions," turned the Party away from its no-strike pledges and into a very militant let's-hit-the-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street-boys policy. He also dispatched special reinforcements to Detroit with orders to recapture Ford 600 at any price.

The annual elections have now started—they take about two months—and part of the price the CP's were willing to pay has already become evident. Figuring an atmosphere of hatred and class war would serve their purpose, they did everything possible to promote a strike. At one meeting they were actually pressing for the naming of a strike date when word came that Ford and the UAW had settled for 18 cents.

Their main attack, however, was directed at the ACTU. It was full-scale and rather ingenious. Being well aware that the Ford workers, like Detroit in general, include a large percentage of anti-Catholic Southerners, the religious angle was emphasized. They lingered on the fact that young Henry Ford II, the new president, had married a Catholic, had become a Catholic himself and had appointed another Catholic, John Bugas, to succeed Harry Bennett as director of personnel.

Then they brandished in the air an article by Father Clancey in *The Wage Earner* which praised young Ford for a fairly progressive speech. This with one hand. With the other hand they pointed to the McCusker administration which they wrongly identified as out-and-out ACTU. And finally, they attempted to prove that the "company security" clause in the new contract was in effect a case of "selling the local for 18 cents." (This clause provides for penalties to discourage wildcat strikes.)

Wasn't it clever? Wasn't it positively inspired? Here you had not only a Catholic set-up, but a Catholic sell-out, a vicious network of Papists conspiring from both sides of the fence to deliver the lowly Ford worker into bondage.

An ingenious plan, and perhaps successful. In the preliminary elections for delegates to the coming national convention of the UAW the CP slate captured 43 and the McCusker forces only 33. However reports from Detroit indicate that the latter stand to do much better in the current voting, which always brings out a large number of indifferentists who can't be bothered with minor matters.

If McCusker turns back the CP's again, one of the biggest reasons will undoubtedly be the fact that over the last eight years Cardinal Mooney and the Detroit ACTU have not been content simply to wait and lament over the menace of communism. It will be the fact that they have done a good constructive job of work. That they have trained capable leaders. That they have developed heads-up, militant trade unionists. That they have promoted a positive program of social and economic justice. That they have, in short, taken steps to fill the vacuum which, as every vacuum must, waits always to be ravaged by the violent, empty air.

JOHN C. CORT.

More Books of the Week

The Wildcatters. Samuel W. Tait, Jr. Princeton. $3.00.

HERE IS a book packed with interesting facts. But Chapter II, entitled "Poor Man's Paradise," was my special delight. Robert Galbreath, who with Frank Chesley drilled the discovery well in the Glenn Pool, was not only a pioneer oil operator, he made the run into old Oklahoma in 1889 and was a Deputy United States Marshal and a newspaper man. On February 22, 1912, at the great Democratic State Convention in Oklahoma City, where the fortunes of Clark and Wilson were in effect determined, I placed Mr. Galbreath in nomination for the office of Democratic National Committeeman, and despite the determined opposition of the Democratic state machine, Mr. Galbreath's popularity with the "Sooners" of the west side and the oil men of northeastern Oklahoma put him over. I am glad to say that Bob Galbreath is still alive, still drilling wildcat wells, and still going to Democratic conventions.

Chapter 13 does justice to the dean of the oil pipeliners, the late Mart Moran, the head of the Texas Pipeline Company, which had its office in the old First National Bank Building at Second and Main, when our firm had the north end of the fifth floor of the same building. Mr. Moran was not only an expert in the pipeline game; without the aid of geology, he could pick the spot for a paying producer and did so in the Glenn Pool, to the entertainment of Mr. James Hill, a director of the Texas Company. Hill could not understand Mart's method, but another oil man explained that Mart had a "nose for oil" and operated on "creekology."

The author frankly states that he first saw Tulsa, in November, 1922, which accounts for a few inaccuracies. He refers to Robinson's Hotel. This inaccuracy is more misleading than a first glance would disclose. The Hotel Robinson at Third and Main, Tulsa, Indian Territory, was the *de luxe* hostel of the Indian Territory. Its gorgeous lobby, magnificent dining room, and rooms with bath constituted a great factor in making Tulsa, instead of Sapulpa, the oil capital. The author also refers to my client, Mr. Wallace N. Robinson, one of the most prominent hotel men in the country, and president of the National Hotel Men's Association, as W. *H.* Robinson. This is distressing to oldtimers. W. N. Robinson started life as a hotel cook, built the Alcorn Hotel at First and Boston, Tulsa, then built the Robinson. He did not, as stated in the book, move down the street and build the Hotel Tulsa. It was built by a company of stockholders and was taken over by the trustee, about 1912 or '13. Mr. Robinson leased it and closed the Hotel Robinson. The "30-year-ago" column of the Tulsa *World* last month contained this item: "Jack Crosbie sold the Hotel Tulsa to W. N. Robinson for $412,000." I was Mr. Robinson's attorney, and drew the deed. I represented him also when he sold out in 1922.

Mr. Tait should have come to Tulsa in 1907 and seen the fight in the Robinson Hotel lobby between Charlie Page, afterwards the founder of the Sand Springs Home, and Jim Paschal, the king of the bootleggers. Mr. Paschal lost a good deal of blood, but Mr. Page lost neither blood nor dignity. Tait would have enjoyed also the "run-in" between Billie Mears, the giant Pennsylvania drilling contractor, and Colonel Woodley, a cattle aristocrat of the Cherokee Strip who lived at the Hotel Tulsa. The real and potential millionaires of the new boom town, in 1907 and later, sometimes indulged in a sentimental whim by setting up an admired female as a cigar girl, with an ample and ornate cigar counter. Part of the cigar girls' duties or business was to shake dice. Mr. Mears was said to be the financial angel of the cigar girl at the Club Metropole, the lady who had a nickname somewhat similar to "Monon Molly." There was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myth or legend that in Pittsburgh Monon Molly shook poker dice with "The" (Theodore) Barnsdall and Al Smathers for a thousand dollars a throw. Mr. Mears made it his custom to wear high-laced boots around the hotel lobby, and also, in the Southern idiom, "to carry" a large handsome bulldog on a leash.

One morning, Colonel Woodley, after shaking for cigars at the Tulsa Hotel cigar stand, shook dice four or five times for the modest sum of one dollar a throw which was the limit there. Mr. Mears, who was not well acquainted with Colonel Woodley, indulged in familiarity, which the Colonel as an old Texan and an associate of Temple Houston and Jack Love in the Cherokee Strip found disagreeable. Mr. Mears "kidded" Colonel Woodley about his heavy losses and said, "Colonel, if you lose all your money shaking dice here at this Tulsa Hotel counter, what are you going to do?" The Colonel was slightly annoyed and if Mr. Mears had been a Southwesterner, he might have received a fighting insult. However the Colonel took into account that he was a Pennsylvania oil man, as he stated, and that he did his fighting with his fists. (The Colonel packed a six-shooter.) So he uttered to the immense amusement of W. N. Robinson and Harry Kerstetter, what became an epigram; it contained a little Scriptural plainness. He said, "Mr. Mears, if I lose all my money shaking dice and am forced out of the cattle business, I shall get me a pair of high-laced boots [looking at Mears's boots], bulldog on a leash and a whore and go into the oil business." Mr. Mears did not call the bluff.

The book contains a reference to the "geologists for the old Roxana concern, a division of the Shell." This is slightly inaccurate. (See my article "Roxana" THE COMMONWEAL for August 3, 1945.) However, the reference is valuable in many respects. The Roxana, a subsidiary of the Royal Dutch Shell Group of London and The Hague, has been given credit for inaugurating the use of geologists in the mid-continent field. The Dutch Shell had used geologists with great success in Java and Sumatra. Geologists, as this book points out, were not universally successful in the mid-continent field.

Lately I ran into Jack Crosbie, a famed wildcatter himself, with experience at Spindletop, and in all the fields to the north, including Canadian ventures and we naturally talked about Robinson's sale of the Hotel Tulsa. He said, "The old-time wildcatter is through. Two things have finished him, the first is geology, and the second is 'proration.' The companies each have a staff of geologists, now, and 'creekology' is out of date. Since they rely on geological reports, they can do their own drilling or hire their own drilling contractor. As to the second item, proration. In the old days a real wildcatter could owe a million dollars, make a strike, sell out to the Standard for two million and start over again. Now, when he makes a strike, the Corporation Commission will make him pinch in his well and the big holders can buy him out at their price instead of his."

The names in this book recall to me enough material for another small volume, but I will close with just one more anecdote of the real oil-country days. The reference to Mr. N. V. V. Franchot of Olean, N. Y., brings up a recollection. Mr. Franchot, as Charlie Page said, was a "gentleman-oil man" and, indeed, Senator Franchot was a man of distinguished courtesy and magnificent bearing. He had served in the Senate of the State of New York when Theodore Roosevelt was Governor. The mid-continent field, especially the old Creek Nation, owes Teddy two statues. One because he is said to have baptized Tulsa with the title "The Magic City" (this, of course, was not entirely original since the name had been borne by Butte, Montana, and other towns). However, while President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt did something practical, which helped to make Tulsa a city and prevented its being restricted to the limits of a mere oil company town. Mr. Roosevelt, through his Secretary of the Interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, promulgated the famed 4,800-acre rule. This prevented any one concern from owning more than 4,800 acres of leases, directly or indirectly, in the Creek Nation. Two gentlemen who were said to have some connections with the largest oil concern in the country at that time together with Senator Franchot went to Washington as a committee to plead the cause of the abolition of the 4,800-acre rule. They made several appointments which failed to materialize, somewhat to the surprise of Senator Franchot. Finally Teddy's secretary, Loeb or Cortelyou, said to the committee that if they would appear promptly Thursday morning next at nine, he would get them in to see the President. They were there. The door of the President's inner sanctum was open. They heard him conversing with a visitor who was sitting at a table and invisible to them. They saw the President stoop and touch the floor, many times, and finally he went through the whole category of military setting-up exercises, which looked a bit peculiar since he was wearing a tailcoat. The Secretary whispered to Senator Franchot that the President, who had been on a hundred-mile gallop with the Army officers a day or two before, was demonstrating to his guest that he had no muscular stiffness or other ill effects from his hundred-mile ride. When eleven o'clock came, the President gave an almost vociferous order to the Secretary to bring him *"the picture,"* which the Secretary, of course, did. The President waved away the picture with gusto and called for another one. Senator Franchot saw this picture. It showed the President sitting on a magnificent saddle horse. President Roosevelt began to smile and inscribed the picture, with many a flourish. He handed it to his guest and proceeded with his arm thrown around the guest's shoulder to usher him out, walking past the committee in the ante-chamber. One of the other members of the committee recognized the guest as the Honorable Battling Nelson, recently the winner of a prize-fight championship.

When the President turned around, he made a charge, according to my report, like a wild buffalo bull toward Senator Franchot and shook his hand with great vim, but said no word. He turned and shook hands with each of the other members of the committee vigorously, stamping and shouting out, "Good morning, Mr. Standard Oil!" The story as later retailed in Tulsa was given an oilfield pronounciation, and it was reported that Teddy said, "Good morning, Mr. Standard Ile!" Then the President turned again to Senator Franchot who said, "Mr. President, our committee has come . . ." when Teddy interrupted, "No, Mr. Senator Franchot, you are too great a statesman yourself to ask me to overrule my capable, just, enlightened Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Hitchcock." And then according to the Tulsa myth, he shook hands all the way around shouting, "Good-bye, Mr. Standard Ile!"

I regret to say that Mr. Tait's valuable and interesting book contains a slight error as to the discovery of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cushing Field. It is true that Tom Slick, the king of the wildcatters, discovered the Wheeler Sand in 1912, but this is not ordinarily accepted as the date of discovery of the Cushing Pool. That date is fixed as the time the Prairie Oil and Gas Company discovered the Bartlesville sand well in 1913, although the Wheeler sand had been discovered, as stated, in 1912. However, even prior to the discovery of the Wheeler sand, Tom Slick had discovered that the Layton sand above both the Wheeler and the Bartlesville was producing in a well he drilled in during 1911. Tom Slick had also tested the Bartlesville sand, found it dry in the Layton sand well completed in 1911, and found gas in the Bartlesville, in his Wheeler sand well completed in 1912. He omitted the item of the discovery of gas in the Bartlesville from the log of the well, on the ground that he wasn't working to find information for the swivelchair oil men in the oil company offices in Tulsa. The effective date may well be placed in January, 1915, when the United States of America, on behalf of the Creek Nation, complainant, filed suit in the United States Court for the Eastern District of Oklahoma to cancel the allotments of Barney Thlocco and Tommy Atkins; my clients, Page and Josie, were the defendants in the latter case, and after seven years the Supreme Court of the United States held that the allotment was valid.

This book is, indeed, valuable and interesting. Mr. Tait endeavors to analyze the psychology of the oil field wildcatter. The Supreme Court of Oklahoma says that he is a man inspired by "the illimitable vista of hope." (43 Okla. 318.) The Circuit Court of Appeals has said that he is usually a man strongly imbued with hope, although frequently weak in the bank account. A great criminal lawyer once told the jury about a client of his who had been duped by that "universal liar known as hope." Some endeavor to explain the oil wildcatter as a man merely anxious to make a fortune. They say the proper motto for the wildcatters should be, "We know thy cunning and thy greed, thy hard high lust and wilful deed."

But I believe this is incorrect. He wants to "take to sea again for just one more cruise." On this point see the dissenting opinion of Judge Dawkins (42 Fed. 2d 947):

> It also seems to me the reasonable intention of Congress was that the *strong-hearted "wildcatter"* should be permitted to reap *the benefits of a "lucky strike,"* by being relieved from paying income taxes upon that additional value which results from the *discovery of a new pool.* . . . We know, as a matter of common knowledge, that in a large number of instances new oil fields are discovered by men possessing *much hope and little capital,* and that the strong companies invariably appear on the scene after oil is found. (*Herold v. Commissioner.*)

T. D. LYONS.

Courts and Cabinets. G. P. Gooch. Knopf. $3.75.

IT IS not easy to say why this book by an eminent historical scholar is something of a disappointment. Dr. Gooch, the author of "History and Historians," has assembled in a neat, handsome, well-printed volume (always a relief to peruse in these days of publishing) some thirteen studies of memoir-writers, from the seventeenth century *Fronde* to the Franco-Prussian War, who tell their stories in their own words, with a copious running commentary by the editor. Perhaps the most notable writers involved in the delicate process are Mme. de

Just Published . . .

THE MYSTICAL LIFE

By

PASCAL P. PARENTE, S.T.D., Ph.D., J. C. B.

Associate Professor of Ascetical Theology
Catholic University of America

$2.50

The scope of this volume is distinct from that of THE ASCETICAL LIFE, also by Dr. Parente. Here the author discusses the higher realms in the life of prayer. As in the former work, he treats the subject with the greatest clearness.

Why should a priest be acquainted with mystical theology? One reason is that some time he may be the spiritual director of a soul that is in the way of the mystical life. Without adequate knowledge he is likely to be an unreliable guide.

The work is divided into three parts, as follows:

I. General Aspects and Basic Elements of Mysticism.
II. Mystical States in Particular.
III. Mystical Phenomena.

The third part considers such phenomena as stigmatization, protracted abstinence, visions, private revelations.

The information contained in THE MYSTICAL LIFE ought to be part of the theological equipment of every seminarian before he starts out on the work of the ministry. A priest who has not already acquired this knowledge will do well to study this volume.

B. Herder Book Co.
15 and 17 SOUTH BROADWAY
ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Founded 1789

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Washington 7, D. C.

The College of Arts and Sciences

is now registering students for the next term which begins

April 1

Accelerated Program

Rooms available for resident students

For information and catalogue apply The Registrar

Phone Michigan 7000—Extension 80

War Surplus Supplies

The CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD is able to secure at remarkably good prices much of this surplus material which will be invaluable to the needy missions. Now is the time to make your contributions doubly effective, by sending us the amount wherewith to secure much needed medicines, and many thousands of instruments and equipment which are in great part new and in excellent condition. Send your contribution to the CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD, 10 West 17 Street, New York 11, N. Y. It will be gratefully acknowledged.

Motteville, whose heroine was Anne of Austria, French Regent between 1647 and 1660; Bishop Burnet, historian and libeler of two Stuart kins; Saint-Simon (Louis XIV); the equivocal Lord Hervey (George II and his Caroline); Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney, and Mme. Campan, *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette. Some of these people are, naturally, very worth reading in the original, and their editor's commentary is bound to suffer in comparison. Probably the secret of the discrepancy lies in the fact that Dr. Gooch makes a simply admirable "historian of historians" (to vary the title of an invaluable former book) but not so good an historian in his own right.

"Courts and Cabinets" might have made a more satisfactory book had the editor contented himself with mere editing; that is to say with citing long extracts from his varied subject matter with brief introductions and critical footnotes by himself. As it is, it is not always easy to distinguish the neutral prose tints of some of the memoir-writers from the copious but equally colorless flow of the interlinear commentary. Nor does Dr. Gooch always remain strictly neutral in discussing certain of his extremely biased writers, or the violently controversial eras they recorded. For example, he appears to agree (as most reasonable historians have done) with the discreet Mme. de Motteville on the *Fronde*. "Though she realized that neither her mistress nor Cardinal Mazarin was a Heaven-sent pilot, she thought them a better team than the lawyers, the princes and the mob with whom they had to contend."

Bishop Burnet, one of the Whig agents in the bloodless Revolution of 1688, which expelled James II and brought in the Dutch Reformed William III, is a perfect godsend to modern historians with a taste for combat and controversy. Mr. Belloc, for example, cannot endure him, considers him a born liar, and only makes use of the liar once, in order to establish the abnormality of another Bellocian bogie—Burnet's hero, William of Orange. The truth about the worthy Bishop may lie in Dr. Johnson's dictum, cited by Dr. Gooch: "I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lies, but he was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth." It is a fine, charitable judgment on the part of the lexographer which may often be applied to Mr. Belloc.

Dr. Gooch's book is highly selective, but will be of the greatest interest and utility to students of history who desire to have in their own keep a series of original sources from Mazarin to Gambetta. In such a collection, many valuable and diverting items are necessarily omitted—the Letters of Madame, mother of the Regent, and Mme. de Lafayette's life of the first "Madame," the charming Henriette of England. Incidentally, there is a short but useful bibliography. CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Call the Next Witness. Philip Woodruff. Harcourt. $2.50.

"ON THE last day of her life, Pvari sat at her spinning in the veranda before her bedroom." This every reader, and every writer, from Philip Sidney to E. M. Forster would agree, is an almost perfect opening sentence for a story. What next, what next, eye and mind ask, and both are "satiate, yet craving, and filled, tho' craving still" by such a phrase. For it tells so much and also promises so much more. A tale to keep young men from their play and old men from the fireside, indeed, and Mr. Woodruff's novel fulfils itself in many ways. It is simple and subtle, the story, ostensibly, of an unhappy marriage, between Pyari, Flame of the Forest, and Gopal Singh. But it is also a murder story, a detective

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story, and a series of short stories about a tremendous cross-section of India. The witnesses called by the prosecution—the Crown and Pyari's family—and those called by the defense—the young husband who swings for the murder, his family and dependents—all have secret lives. The two families stand out: Pyari's gentle Thakur father, a sort of squireen, with his big, bossy, motherly wife, and Gopal Singh's miserly father, head of a dozen or so families at Anantpur, who "had less influence than he should have had because he stood for no fixed principle but the acquisition of money." Nannhe Singh, Gopal's uncle, was a hater, and, expert as Mr. Woodruff is at delineating types, he is less so at concealing his own antipathies. "He became a nationalist, he was bound to," we are told; "it was the paying side in district politics, at least for a Hindu; it gave him something to hate." Again, describing Gopal Singh's pilgrimage to Hardwar with his father-in-law, in the course of which he got him drunk and made him sign away 300 rupees a month and the whole of his inheritance to Pyari, Mr. Woodruff describes "fakirs, their bare bodies smeared with ashes to disguise a chubbiness never seen among the villagers who fed them."

Yet the beauty of India catches him by the throat and worries him as a terrier does a rat. Here is how he describes the Ganges: "Standing on the pier in midstream, you are at the very heart of Hardwar. Stone is married to running water, emitting a freshness that is as much scent as sight, and from the wide expanse of glittering river, the sky itself seems to take an added light. There is light everywhere, it is a bath of light, which seems in its liquid diffusion to penetrate and soak through matter, so that even the under side of the bridge is patterned with shifting silver."

Each one of the witnesses is handled lovingly, gently, as though amber beads on a Greek merchant's necklace. The gypsy lover of waddling Mathura Das; the moving escape of Chabeli Parshad, with his serene honesty, and his wife Janki (whom one day he had found using a new set of weights which when he put in the scale against the old ones had proved lighter); the love-story of Dost Mohammed and the lady of joy he liked to talk with, and married; these are flawless. Perhaps Chabeli Parshad's climb to the temple of Kali is the best thing in the whole book, written with real spiritual understanding and understatement.

Mr. Woodruff, whoever else he is (for Woodruff is an alias), is certainly also Christopher Tregard. This young District Magistrate "spent many months in camp, and in the evening when he strolls out with a gun he meets many people who never penetrate to the office where the works of reference are stacked."

Yet, unlike another Christopher—Herr Issyvoo of Isherwood's Berlin novels—Tregard is forever alien. Though he involves himself in the trial, becoming a witness because he longs to know more, yet, on the last page, "passionately he longed for England. He wanted to deal with people who would say what they thought, and who were not the slaves of passion and intrigue."

Mr. Tregard could not have wanted to go back to England more than every single slave of passion and intrigue wanted him to go; indeed, these *have* said what they thought, and have been saying it for two hundred-odd years. And loud enough for all the world to hear; but perhaps Philip Woodruff, alias Christopher Tregard, alias ?, for all his exquisite perceptions, needs to use his ears.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

If burning ears

mean someone is praising you, Monsignor Ronald Knox's must be causing him some anxiety. His translation of the NEW TESTAMENT ($3.00) has been called nearly everything good, from "delightful and sometimes breath-taking" (Father LeBuffe) to "an epoch-making event" (*Ecclesiastical Review*). "It removes the last excuse for not reading it" and "to do so will be an unforgettable experience" was not said about this book, oddly enough, but about F. J. Sheed's translation of THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE ($3.00). But we think it is equally true of either.

Mary Perkins' SPEAKING OF HOW TO PRAY ($2.75) might have been subtitled "How to be Fully Catholic and Still Get Your Work Done"—she writes with such understanding of how Mass, the Liturgy, and the Rosary fit into and complete our worried lives. And whether you love the Rosary or only know you ought to, remember Maisie Ward's THE SPLENDOR OF THE ROSARY ($2.50). Among much else this has sixteen reproductions of pictures by Fra Angelico and a prayer for each mystery by Caryll Houselander. As *America* said: "It is a happy company here assembled—Our Lady as hostess, Fra Angelico and Chesterton to introduce her to us." Good company indeed and well worth joining.

SHEED & WARD

63 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP ST. JOHN'S

A LAKESIDE MOUNTAIN CAMP

For boys ages 7 to 16. 2300 ft. Alt. on sand shores of Hunter Lake. 100 miles from N. Y. C. Affords Best in Camp Life. Modern buildings and cabins. Hot and cold running water. Artesian well. Balanced meals. Pasteurized milk. Diversified activities—recreational and instructional. Mature, cultured, professional staff. Tuition $350 season. Write or phone for catalog: *462 Esplanade, Pelham Manor, N. Y. (Pelham 8-3514) or* RAymond 9-7768 (Bronx); SOuth 8-0518 (Brooklyn); Rockville Centre 3237 (Long Island). Directors: Rev. Herbert J. McElroy Robert Giegengack

CAMP NOTRE DAME

For Boys 6 to 16 NAMASCHAUG on Lake Spofford	*In the foothills of New Hampshire's White Mountains, each 10 miles from Keene*	For Girls SPRUCELAND on Granite Lake
47th Season 2nd Oldest Catholic Camp in America 9 WEEKS	$185 Season $100 Month	26th Season 2nd Season as a Catholic Camp 8 WEEKS

Finest Equipment—Beautiful Waterfront—Mature Supervision
Resident Chaplain and Nurse-Physician in attendance
Free Transportation—Post-Season Week

JOHN E. CULLUM MR. & MRS. L. T. FELL

CAMP NOTRE DAME

State-Capitol Bldg. *UNion 3-3840.* Union City, N. J.

Barry COLLEGE *Miami, Florida*

for Women

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Adrian, Michigan

Degrees in Arts and Science. Music, Teacher Training, Home Economics, Business.

Beautiful campus with outdoor swimming pool. All sports.

For information address the Dean.

IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE Washington, D. C.

An accredited Catholic Institution for Women. Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Resident and Day Students. 2 year transfer course in Liberal Arts. Terminal courses in Home Crafts, Secretarial Sciences, General, Fine Arts.

SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: The Secretary.

WE CAN'T QUIT NOW!...

give

TO THE 1946 RED CROSS FUND

The Inner Forum

In the Benedictine Spirit

THE FIRST issue of *The Benedictine Review,* published twice a year at Mt. St. Scholastica College of Atchison, Kansas has recently appeared. Its purpose is to extend the influence of the Benedictine tradition which has developed over the past fourteen hundred years and especially "to preserve the traditions of our own community and to maintain a record of its activities." According to the first article this community was founded by Mother Evangelista, a native of Bavaria, in 1863. The first five Sisters reached Atchison, Kansas after a week's trip from St. Cloud, Minnesota where they had lived for the six years previous. Thirteen years later they sent out their first missionaries. The community has now increased to 550 members and "in the schools staffed by its Sisters some twelve thousand children are taught to see God under the Benedictine motto *Ut in omnibus glorificetur Deus.*

Bishop O'Hara of Kansas City contributes to the first issue some notes on his visits to Benedictine houses in South America, Father Bonaventure Schwinn, O.S.B. writes of "Our Lady of Montserrat." Other articles by various Sisters of the community tell about Our Lady of Guadalupe, an important conference on the teaching of religion held at Mt. St. Scholastica, an appreciation of Dr. Harry W. Seitz and something about the sister of Saint Benedict, Saint Scholastica herself.

A letter from Reverend H. A. Reinhold, an Oblate of Saint Benedict, includes the following: "As I see it, Saint Benedict founded his monastery not for any specific purpose of mission to the world, except as a *schola Dominici servitii.* His Rule is an abridged Gospel, imbedded in the wisdom of the ages derived from the natural moral teaching of mankind. Thus it is something very Catholic. . . . A Benedictine rejects all artificiality and lives a 'natural' life—in the spirit as well as in the body. . . . As the rebirth of Franciscan spirit, of Dominican tertianism and of Carmelite mysticism can only enrich the Church, should not the same be true if we came forth as the true sons of Saint Benedict with a pure version of his particular—yet so comprehensive—spirituality? The lack of suspicion and distrust in Saint Benedict is perhaps one of his greatest gifts. . . . It prevented him from succumbing to dizziness from efficiency, and rigidity from centralism. It left tremendously wide scope for individual and collective initiative. . . . It is not without significance that no Order seems to be better fitted for the cause of union. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Percy WINNER has spent fourteen years in Europe, about half in Rome and most of the rest in France, Spain, Germany and England. He was correspondent for the Associated Press, the International News Service and the New York Evening Post, serving as Foreign Editor for the latter paper for several years.

James MacGregor BYRNE during the war years worked for the State Department in Argentina.

T. D. LYONS himself lived through the wildcatting period in the Indian Territory.

Cuthbert WRIGHT teaches at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Anne FREMANTLE is at present living in New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED